As an honour in thy cap, till I do challenge it.
Giue him the Crownes. Come Captaine *Flewellen*,
I must needs haue you friends.

Flew. By Iesus, the fellowe hath mettall enough in his belly.
Harke you souldier, There is a filling for you,
And keepe your selfe out of brawles,
And prabbles, and dissentions,
And looke you, it shall be the better for you.

Soul. Ile none of your money sir, not I.

Flew. Why tis a good filling man:
Why should you be queamish?
Your shooes are not so good.
It will serue you to mend your shooes.

Kin. What men of sort are taken vnckle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
Iohn Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchquall.*
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteene hundred, besides common men.
This note doth tell me of ten thousand
French, that in the fielde lyes slaine.
Of Nobles bearing banners in the fielde,
Charles de le Brute, high Constanble of France,
Iaques of *Chatillian*, Admirall of France,
The master of the Crosse-bowes, *Iohn* Duke *Alenson*,
Lord *Rambieres*, high Master of France.
The braue sir *Gwigzard*, Dolphin. Of *Nobelle Charillas*,
Gran *Prie* and *Rosse*, *Fawconbridge* and *Foy*,
Gerard and *Verton*, *Vandemant* and *Lestra*.

King. Heeres was a royall fellowship of death,
Where is the number of our English dead?

Exe. Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Esquire,
Aud of all the other, but fiue and twenty.

King. O God, thy arme was heere,
And vnto thee alone, ascribe we praise:

When